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**BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN**

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# BLACK DIAMOND

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# WESTERN

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WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



HELLO, BOB-HAVE YOU FOUND  
THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

# GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS!  
LADIES!  
MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

LOOK! LIVE PONY!

Available in real live form  
for your very own. Just send  
for BIG coupon for premium  
plan. MAIL COUPON  
TO START.

WE  
THINK  
YOU!

Bluebird  
Checks, Roadsters,  
Sling-  
kats  
Mail coupon!

WHAT  
SAM  
TOLD  
THEM

AND  
WITH  
EACH  
BOX  
OF  
THIS  
WHITE  
CLOVERINE  
BRAND  
SALVE  
WE  
GIVE  
YOU  
A  
BEAUTIFUL  
ART  
PICTURE!

FINE!  
I'LL  
TAKE  
2  
BOXES,  
SAM!

ACT  
NOW!

MAIL  
COUPON  
NOW!

YOU  
GET  
BIG  
CATALOG

Contid Cameras with carrying  
case, Telescopes, Watches, (see  
ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with  
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE  
easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture),  
Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bill-  
folds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machine,  
Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players,  
Roller Skates, Telescope.

WE  
TRUST  
YOU!

MAIL  
NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 55-308, Tyrone, Pa. Date

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 12 colored art pic-  
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to  
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked  
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission  
as explained under Premiums wanted in catalog sent  
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ST. \_\_\_\_\_ R. D. \_\_\_\_\_ BOX \_\_\_\_\_  
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
PRINT LAST NAME HERE \_\_\_\_\_  
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today.

OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL

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1270 AND 1100AL



# BLACK DIAMOND

IN "SIX GUN SHOWDOWN"

A HARD-RIDING  
U.S. MARSHALL,  
BLACK DIAMOND  
SPURS HIS  
MOUNT, RELIARON,  
TO RIDGEVILLE,  
THE UGLY SNOUT  
OF A SIX-GUN  
BELCHES FLAME...

THUNDERATION!  
A DRYGULCHER...  
UP ON THAT  
RIDGE!

Walters

NO USE! BY THE TIME I MAKE  
THE RIDGE, THAT GUNHAWK  
WILL HAVE VAMOOSSED!

NOW, I WONDER WHO'S SO POWERFUL  
ANXIOUS TO SPIKE MY APPOINTMENT  
WITH LOGAN?

A WARNING!  
STAY CLEAR OF  
THE LOGAN CASE!







IF YOU GET TO THINK I'M INNOCENT, THEY'D FREE ME...  
THEY'D BELIEVE YOU! YOU'RE THE BIGGEST LAW-  
MAN IN THE WEST!

ALL RIGHT!  
I'LL HAVE A POW-  
WOW WITH  
ZENO!

CAREFUL! HE'S GOT A FAST TEMPER!  
AND AN EVEN FASTER DRAW!

LATER...ZENO'S  
PLACE! AN OWL-  
HOOT HANGOUT!

HOWDY, ZENO! I'D LIKE TO  
PALAVER WITH YOU...ABOUT  
THE WILSON KILLING!

YUH WOULDN'T BE  
TRYIN' TO PIN THAT  
ON ME, WOULD YUH,  
MARSHAL?

ONLY IF  
YOU'RE GUILTY!

CONSARN YUH! NO WEEDLY LAWMAN  
TALKS TO LAFE ZENO THAT WAY!  
SLAP LEATHER!























SURE, LOGAN...I HAD YOU RELEASED BECAUSE I RECKONED YOU'D LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO THE HIDDEN GOLD!

BLASTED  
LAWMAN!

I SHOULD'VE PICKED SOME OTHER  
LAWMAN...ONE DUMBER'N YOU!







A WHIRLING WIND-MILL BLADE CRACKS LOGAN'S NECK AND LIKE A HANGMAN'S ROPE, SENDS HIM DOWN THE LONG DROP!

AGGH!



AFTER ZENO IS JAILED...

YOU'RE SMART, BLACK DIAMOND! HOW DID YOU SAVVY LOGAN HIRED ME TO MAKE HIM LOOK INNOCENT?

AT THE START, YOU COULDN'T TRAPPED ME WITH A CROSS-FIRE...INSTEAD YOU WASTED ONE BULLET AND A WARNING! I FIGURED EVERYTHING THAT FOLLOWED WAS AN ACT!



RESIDES, LOGAN LIED WHEN HE CLAIMED YOU WORE HIS BOOTS AT THE KILLING! YOU COULDN'T EVER GET YOUR BIG HOOPS INTO HIS SMALL BOOTS!



LOGAN TRIED USING MY GOOD NAME TO SAVE HIM FROM HANGING...BUT HE GOT IT IN THE NECK JUST THE SAME! THAT'S THE WAY JUSTICE WORKS!

THE  
END



# BUCK ROPER

KNEW EASY MONEY IS THE GOAL OF EVERY LAWBREAKER! AND WHEN THREE OF THESE DESPERADOES OF THE WEST THOUGHT THEY COULD MAKE THEIR DREAMS COME TRUE BY KIDNAPPING HIM, EXCITEMENT AND TENSION REACHED NEW HEIGHTS IN...

## "THE RODEO RANSOM"













YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS!

THIS PUNK IS ASKING FOR IT! GIVE HIM A TASTE OF LEAD, COYOTE!

POW



I DON'T WANT TO KILL HIM YET! WE MAY NEED HIM ALIVE TO GET THE RANSOM! BUT THE THREE OF US CAN HANDLE HIM EASY ENOUGH WITH OUR FISTS! OMON!

SLAM!



BUT IT'S ANYTHING BUT EASY...

BIFF

BAM

SOCK

WHAM



THREE TO ONE ODDS ARE TOO MUCH...EVEN FOR COURAGEOUS BUCK...

THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR ME! I HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

POW

SOCK



WAIT! THIS KNIFE GIVES ME AN IDEA! IF ONLY I CAN GET IT OUT WITHOUT THEIR NOTICING ME!





I GIVE UP!



...BUT NOT BEFORE I SLIT YOUR BELT IN TWO! NOW LET'S SEE YOU DELIVER THAT RANSOM NOTE WITH YOUR PANTS HANGING DOWN!

WHAT THE ...



LOOK, STUPID, YOU DON'T THINK A CUT BELT IS GONNA STOP ME! I'LL JUST TAKE YOURS INSTEAD!



THIS'LL MAKE SURE HE WON'T CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE!

GOOD WORK!



NOW TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR WHILE SALTY WRITES OUT THE RANSOM NOTE!



LATER, AT THE RODEO ...

LET'S NOTIFY THE SHERIFF IMMEDIATELY!

DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S DANGEROUS, MR. HILL? THE NOTE SAYS THEY'LL KILL ROPER IF WE TRY TO BRING IN THE LAW!













MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HIDEOUT BUCK HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...

THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE...



HEY, ROPER! SIT STILL OR WE'LL KNOCK YOU COLD AGAIN!

THAT LOOSENED THE ROPES! NOW I'VE GOT A CHANCE TO FIGHT MY WAY OUT OF HERE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

I GOT COMPANY FOR YOU, ROPER! DIXIE GOT WISE SOMEHOW BUT I AIM TO GET THAT RANSOM MONEY OR WE'LL KILL THE BOTH OF YOU!

I CAN'T GAMBLE ON A FIGHT NOW! DIXIE IS LIABLE TO GET HURT! BUT THAT FIRE PLACE GIVES ME A DIFFERENT IDEA!



SO FAR NOONE'S NOTICED THAT MY HANDS ARE LOOSE! BY OPENING AND CLOSING THE FLU IN THE FIRE PLACE, I CAN SEND OUT SOME SMOKE SIGNALS! I ONLY HOPE THERE'S SOMEONE AROUND TO SEE THEM!



MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND A TRACE OF DIXIE! I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEVER PICK UP HER TRAIL!

WAIT! LOOK AT ALL THAT SMOKE YONDER! THE WAY IT'S COMING OUT IN SPURTS LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S TRYING TO SEND A MESSAGE!

IT'S PROBABLY SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE A FIRE! BUT WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY TAKING A LOOK!



THEY'RE WISE TO US! HERE COMES A GANG FROM THE RODEO! WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!









# TIGHT NOOSE

The old man pitched forward, and fell almost as the shot was heard. The cattle moved restlessly as Cal Hunter, foreman of the Bar Y ranch moved quickly to the dead man's side.

"Bushwacked!" he muttered. "In broad daylight!"

It took only a moment to establish that Tom Randall, owner of the Bar Y ranch was dead, a bullet between his shoulder blades. Cal Hunter called for help, and Shep Dalton rode up.

"What happened to the old man?" he asked. "Get himself another heart attack?"

"No," said Hunter grimly, he was shot. Dead before he fell off his horse."

"Himm, that's too bad," Dalton said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "And his son coming in from school today, too."

The two of them lifted the body of Randall and slung him across his horse. "One thing is certain," Hunter said, "if the kid can't stop the rustling, he ain't going to stay long in the west.

"Let's get Tom laid out nice and decent and go down and meet the train. Someone has to tell the kid the news." Dalton took the reins of the dead man's horse, and headed for the ranch house.

"You call for the kid at the train," Hunter called, "and I'll round up the hands and have them down at the house when you get back." Hunter wheeled his horse and left Dalton with the dead man. If there was ever an easy job, Hunter took it. How would he break the news -- what could he say to the kid. It all boiled down to, "Sonny, your pa's been shot today -- in the back. You're now the owner of the Bar Y ranch that is being rustled blind, and what's more you may be shot next." Now, thought Dalton, how would be the nicest way to say it?

\*\*\*\*\*

The train had pulled out when Dalton got to the station. Even if the boy hadn't been the only one waiting, he could have been recognized. The boy looked like his father, straight, and tall. Dalton called to him, "Mr. Randall! Sandy Randall!"

Either the boy didn't hear, or it wasn't Sandy Randall. Dalton walked over and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. The boy spun around, startled, and then he smiled. He pulled a pad from his pocket, slipped out the attached pencil, and scrawled. "I am Sandy Randall. Are you from the Bar Y ranch?"

"Yes," started Dalton. "I'm Shep D--" The boy's eyes looked into his, and he could see that not a word he was saying was understood. He grabbed the pencil and pad, and scribbled, 'Shep Dalton, Bar Y ranch.' The boy shook his head understandingly, picked up his bags, and Shep led him to the horses. Now it was up to Hunter to explain about Tom Randall to his son, Sandy.

Dalton could understand why the boy had been away to a private school, why Tom had never had him on the ranch, and why someone had picked the Bar Y to bleed white. Tom Randall was an old man and a pushover for a smart rustler. He was too proud to call for help, and now he was dead. His son would never call for help, either, for he was a DEAF MUTE!

\*\*\*\*\*

There were a number of horses in front of the ranch house, as Dalton, and young Randall approached it. Some of the ranch hands must have heard the old man was shot, and hurried over.

Dalton threw open the door, and saw the old man stretched out on a cot. The boy saw his father and dashed to his side without a sound. Huge tears formed in his eyes, and rolled down his face, as he hugged the lifeless form.

Dalton froze in his tracks as he heard Hunter's voice come in from the next room.



"The old man is dead, and now I'm takin' over. If anybody wants to back out, now's the time to talk up."

"What about the kid?" one of them wanted to know.

"He goes the way of the old man, first chance I get." Hunter rolled the chamber of his pistol to accent his point. "All the other hands will be fired, and we start all over again, with every man getting his cut same as when we rustled the cattle."

"We got company." One of them shouted.

Hunter whirled and pointed the gun at Dalton.

"You got back sooner than I expected, but you heard more than I wanted you to, and that's too bad."

"What about the kid?" one of them asked. "He heard everything too."

"Not the kid," Hunter smiled. "He's deaf and dumb. That's the special school he's been goin' to — they're tryin' to learn him to talk. The one I'm worried about is Dalton, he knows how to talk, and I aim to keep him quiet."

Dalton looked over at the kid who was staring intently at them. He was drinking in the room with his large eyes, but it was evident that he understood nothing for he walked over to the window and stared out. He made no effort to get away or to protect himself but stood in the light of the window and made curious shadows on the wall with his fingers.

"If you expect help from the kid, Dalton, forget it," Hunter laughed. "He's not all there. I used to read the letters he sent his father, full of poetry and stuff."

Got to stall for time, thought Dalton. Maybe a miracle would stop a bullet from goin' through him, but Hunter held the gun steady, and it was pointed straight at his middle.

"How'd you get his letters, Hunter, pick 'em out of the mail box?"

"No!" he smiled. "The old man trusted me. In fact I'm in the will. If anything happens to the kid, I'm the new owner of the Bar Y ranch."

"Couldn't you get after the rustlers instead of killin' the old man?" needled Dalton.

"We was the rustlers," laughed Hunter as if a big joke had just been told. "We just got tired of takin' our money in drips so we decided to bust the dam, and take over. Some of the boys will have to go, but you'll go first!"

Hunter raised his gun, and the trigger finger went white as it squeezed. Dalton blinked instinctively as if the bullet wouldn't hurt if his eyes were closed. The shot went off, and Dalton felt nothing. His eyes opened to find the gun shot out of the hand of Hunter. The men behind him had their hands raised in fear as a man walked in with a smoking pistol, and the largest, shiniest, badge Dalton had ever seen.

"You're a sight for sore eyes," grinned Dalton. "It's a lucky thing you dropped in when you did."

"Lucky had nothing to do with it," the Sheriff said grimly. "I was called in."

"Called!" Hunter was startled. "Who called you, Sheriff?"

"Young Randall," the Sheriff replied. "The last letter he got from his father made him worry that something was goin' wrong, so he fixed it up with one of his school chums to keep an eye on this house with a spy glass."

"But he hasn't been out of the house. How could Randall have told anybody anything? You're crazy, Sheriff!" Hunter snorted.

"Randall couldn't talk, but they learned something at school called the deaf and dumb sign language. You speak it with your fingers, and all Randall had to do was to get to a window and send a message. His friend picked it up and sent for me."

"What gets me," muttered Hunter, "is what made him think there was any trouble. I kept smilin' and talking low so that he'd think we were all nice and friendly."

"You forget," said the Sheriff, "that one of the first things a deaf mute learns is to read lips. And between that sign language and readin' lips, you're goin' to find yourself in the tightest noose you ever saw!"

THE END



**D**EAD DOGS, AND A MASKED RIDER THAT SET FIRE TO THE VILLAGE ALMOST EVERY MORNING SET THE TOWN ON EDGE! IT WAS A WAR OF NERVES IN WHICH THE INHABITANTS FOUGHT A LOSING BATTLE, AND SOME READILY GAVE UP THE FIGHT AND LEFT FOR GREENER LANDS! THEN WOLF WAS SHOT, AND RED FIRE FOUND HIMSELF HUNTED BY A POSSE... ACCUSED OF BEING... THE TORCH RIDER OF THE PLAINS!

# RED FIRE

in 'THE FLAMING TORCH RIDER OF THE PLAINS'



QUICK! FORM A BUCKET BRIGADE! I'LL MAN THE PUMP!

I'M THE MAYOR, SHERIFF! I'LL MAN THE PUMP! IF YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO GO AFTER THE MASKED RIDER, GET YOURSELF SOME BUCKETS!

THAT REMARK'S UN-CALLED FOR, MAYOR! WE NEED EVERY MAN TO PUT OUT THE FIRE, OR THE TOWN WILL BE BURNED OUT!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST TIME, YOU YELLOW...

SHERIFF! I JUST FOUND ANOTHER DEAD DOG! POISONED, LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!















THAT NIGHT, A HUNTED OUTLAW HIMSELF, RED FIRE RETURNS TO THE SIGHT OF THE VILLAGE DUMP...













WHERE YOU PEOPLE  
GOIN'? WE'RE AFTER  
RED FIRE NOW!

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE  
FIRES! WE'RE LEAVIN' FOR  
GOOD WHILE WE STILL GOT OUR  
NECKS, AND ENOUGH BELONG-  
INGS TO TAKE WITH US SO'S  
WE CAN START AGAIN!



BUT YOU'RE ALMOST THE LAST OF  
THE TOWNSPEOPLE! WITHOUT  
YOU HERE THIS PLACE WILL  
BE A GHOST TOWN!

SORRY, MAYBE, BUT  
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!  
AND WE'RE GITTIN'  
WHILE THE GITTIN'  
IS GOOD!



WHILE THE SHERIFF TRIES TO ROUND UP A POSSE, RED  
FIRE MAKES SOME NEW DISCOVERIES...

OKAY, SO YOU GOT  
US, BUT DO YOU  
THINK THE MAJOR  
STUPID ENOUGH  
TO BRING A  
POSSE HERE?

ESPECIALLY  
AFTER WE GOT  
MOST OF THE  
TOWN TO MOVE  
OUT, SO'S WE  
CAN HAVE THE  
GOLD TO OUR-  
SELVES! YOU'RE  
CRAZIERN' A HOOT  
OWL!

MAYBE SO,  
BUT I JUST  
GOT MYSELF  
AN IDEA!



WATCH 'EM, WOLF  
TILL I GET BACK!



NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LIGHT A  
FEW TORCHES! THAT SHOULD  
ATTRACT SOME ATTENTION!



THERE  
GOES THE  
MASKED  
RIDER!

LET'S GIT  
'EM!  
GIDDAP!













# SEE CLOSE-UP WONDERS OF NATURE RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES

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MIGHTY  
MITE  
of  
MICROSCOPES

STUDY  
INSECTS



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LIVING  
GERMS

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MARKINGS  
on  
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